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THE LATE SULTAN, MAHMOUD KHAN II.

Engraved, by the kind permission of Sir Theophilus Lee, from a Miniature presented to him by the Sultan.

### MEMOIR OF THE LATE SULTAN, MAHMOUD KHAN II.

SULTAN MAHMOUD-KHAN II. was born on the 14th of Ramadhan, 1199, of the Ottoman era, or the 20th of July, 1785, of the Christian calendar. His father was Sultan Abdul Hamid, and he succeeded his elder brother, Sultan Mustapha IV., on 28th July, 1808. He has left issue three princes, the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid, born 19th April, 1823; Abdul Aziz, born Feb. 9, 1830; and Nizamud-Din, born 6th December, 1835: four Princesses, Salyha-Sultane, born 16th June, 1811, and married in 1834 to Halil Pasha; Mir-Mah-Sultane, born 9th June, 1812, and married in 1836 to Muhammed-Said Pasha; Khacidje-Sultane, born 6th September, 1825; and Adile-Sultane, born 1st May, 1836. These are his legitimate children; but besides them His Highness has left a numerous progeny by the ladies of his harem.

The Sultan has seen some of the largest and fairest provinces of his immense empire wrested from him by conquest, or partly alienated by treaty and usurpation of his sovereign rights—Moldavia and Wallachia on the north; Greece, Egypt, and Syria, on the south and south-east. He was one of the greatest reformers of his age, had freed the Porte from the military domination of the Janissaries, and had gone far towards effecting a social reorganization of the Turkish nation. His Highness was greatly esteemed and respected by all who had been diplomatically, or otherwise, introduced to his notice; he was warmly beloved by his family and his subjects; and he may be justly styled to have been a great and a good man.

The death of the above extraordinary monarch, happened on the 1st of July last; and was notified on the same day by the Ministers of the Porte, to the Foreign Ambassadors, in the following manner:—

"On this Monday (July 1,) towards the morning, by the eternal decree of God, Sultan Mahmoud Khan, Emperor of the Ottomans, was removed from this mortal state, and the Crown Prince, the Serene, August, Mighty Sultan, Abdul Meschi Khan, has happily ascended the hereditary throne of his ancestors, and, according to the ancient custom of the empire, received the homage of the assembled great dignitaries, the supreme clergy, the commanders of the troops, the ministers of the Porte, and officers of state. On the 29th of June, two days before the death of the Sultan, orders were despatched both to Hafiz Pasha, and to the Capitan Pasha, to halt with the army and the fleet, wherever they might be, on the receipt of these despatches. The most perfect tranquillity prevailed in the capital, but the Sultan's death filled all people with great sorrow. The Christians settled in this country are particularly affected by the loss of the Sultan. They will never forget the protection which he afforded them on all occa-

sions, and the toleration which they enjoyed under him, and which gave him indelible claims to their gratitude. Mahmoud was the 30th sovereign of the family of Osman, and the 24th who had reigned in Constantinople since the conquest of that city in 1453. When we review the events that have occurred in the 31 years of his reign, we doubtless find that many things have taken place in it, which shock European notions, the causes of which, however, are less in the disposition of the Sultan than in local manners and long-established usages, and which must be ascribed in many instances to severe necessity. It cannot be denied that as a Sovereign he desired to do good, to enlarge his knowledge, and that he was above many prejudices which counteract all civilization, and to contend with which no little courage was required. Death overtook him before he could execute all the plans that he contemplated for the benefit of the empire. History will at all events give him a distinguished place among Ottoman Princes."

On the 27th June the Sultan, finding his end approaching, took leave of the high functionaries of the empire. He talked at length of the good intentions by which he had been constantly guided; that the good of his people had ever been the only end he had sought; and that if he had erred, all honest men would at least bear testimony to the purity of his intentions. After having attempted to console Abdul Medjid, who had been brought to his father's bedside, he addressed him thus:—"My son, never for a moment lose sight of the high station to which it has pleased Heaven to call you. You are still young, hence you stand in need of the advice of wise and faithful councillors. Henceforward men will not show themselves before you as they really are. Seldom will the truth be laid before you in all its purity. Invoke, then, the assistance of Halil and of Chosrow (two of his sons-in-law.) Let the one be to you a symbol of courage and firmness, and the other of prudence and judgment. Finish the work which I have commenced."

The sensation produced at Constantinople by the sudden and unexpected announcement of the Sultan's death, was such as it would not be easy to describe; regret, consternation, and fear were alternately depicted in every countenance—the latter more particularly among the Rayahs, who anticipated nothing else but some dreadful revolt or massacre. From the positive assurance, however, which the government had, that the Sultan's valuable life could not be prolonged, every measure had, of course, been taken—a large body of troops was ordered in from the interior; the streets were patrolled in every direction; assemblages of any number of persons in the Cahrés, and other public places, were forbidden; a report of the arrival of Hussien Pasha (the celebrated destroyer of the Janissaries) to take direction of the police was cir-

cultured, and every necessary precaution was adopted; but every thing passed off with the greatest possible tranquillity, notwithstanding the rumours still current of numerous arrests and strangulations having taken place. By ten o'clock the body of the defunct Sovereign had been removed to the aeraglio; by twelve, his son and successor, Sultan Abdul Medjid, was proclaimed; and a Privy Council, or rather Regency—consisting of Khosreff, Halil, and Raouf, (Pachas)—appointed, on account of his minority; and at five o'clock in the afternoon, the funeral procession moved from the palace. Now, however, the lamentations really commenced, and the interment of Sultan Mahmoud was, indeed, a scene which some of the so-called loyal European nations should have witnessed.

Though in conformity with the injunctions of the Mahomedan law, characterized through a total absence of pomp and pageantry of mourning, the ceremony was nevertheless most impressive, and altogether heart-rending. On the report being spread that the bier, carried by his former ministers and officers of the household, had passed the Seraglio's gate, every one among the Mussulmans of both sexes composing the crowd lining the street along which it had to be carried, might be observed struggling, lest, by given vent to his grief, he should infringe the precepts of his creed, and, with stoical sternness, kept his eyes fixed on the ground. But the exuberancy of his sorrow no longer admitted of control, as the procession advancing forced upon him the conviction that below the pall lay all that remained of the power and grandeur of his Sovereign. The air in an instant was filled with the shrieks and sobs of thousands of spectators. The scene was the more extraordinary and thrilling to an European, as, under the impression that the severity of the measures the Sultan had been under the necessity of adopting to force upon the people the reform in the state he had planned, had rendered him universally unpopular, he had every reason to expect manifestations of satisfaction rather than of regret on the present occasion. The body of the Sultan was interred on the spot which, during his lifetime, he had himself pointed out as the place where he proposed erecting his mausoleum. It lies in the centre of the principal street of the city—the Divan Yalon. The erection of a mausoleum on a splendid scale has already been commenced.

#### DISCOVERY OF MUMMIES AT DURANGO, MEXICO.

A MILLION of mummies, it is stated, have lately been discovered in the environs of Durango, in Mexico. They are in a sitting posture, but have the same wrappings, bands, and ornaments as the Egyptians; among them was found a poignant of flint, with a sculptured handle, chaplets, necklaces, &c., of alternately coloured beads, fragments of bones polished

like ivory, fine worked elastic tissues (probably our modern India rubber cloth,) moccasins worked like those of our Indians, bones of vipers, &c. It is unknown what kind of embalming was used for the mummies above mentioned, or whether they were preserved by nitrous depositions in the caves where they were found. A fact of importance is stated, that necklaces of a marine shell are found at Zacatecas, on the Pacific, where the Columbus of their forefathers probably therefore landed from Hindostan, or from the Malay or Chinese coast, or from their islands in the Indian Ocean.—*Silliman's Journal.*

#### FIERY METEORS.

FIRE-BALLS in the air are generally of a globular form. Sometimes they are of a very bright colour; but generally their lustre is dull. One kind is called "the *aerolite* fire-ball;" for it bursts and lets fall stony matter. The common fire-balls do not do this. One of the latter was observed in Edinburgh, in 1828. Generally their colour is yellow; but sometimes it is of a deep red, and occasionally of a beautiful emerald-green. Some of the latter description were seen in Long Island (in America), in 1828. Many of these fiery meteors are supposed to be globes of electrical matter. Many instances of such meteors appearing are mentioned by old writers; but they were thought to be fables till 1784; when some books were published about stones falling from the air. These meteors were anciently looked upon as falling stars; and the worship of them was an early feature in the idolatry of some nations. Every stone that fell in this way was supposed to be inhabited by a deity. The largest of them were placed in temples, and worshipped; while the smaller ones were kept in families. Eusebius tells us many stories of animated stones, and fallen statues having been preserved in temples, where they were worshipped. A coin struck in the reign of Alexander, had on it the figure of a stone, with that of a star on the top of it. Professor Jameson, of Edinburgh, has made a collection of two hundred and ten accounts of the falling of meteoric stones. Many cases have occurred in recent times; and accounts of such bodies falling, in some place or other, are given every year. They differ in form;—being sometimes round, sometimes oval, and sometimes compressed (like a skittle-ball). When broken, they have a greyish colour. Many of them have been chemically examined; but nothing with which we were not previously acquainted has been found in them. Many of them contain iron; some of them hornblende and felspar (of which Salisbury Crags consist); and alumina, silica, lime, magnesia, glucina, sulphur, carbon, soda, manganese, nickel, and cobalt, have all been found in them. Besides these meteoric stones, there occasionally fall masses of iron; which generally contain a small portion of nickel. A fine specimen may

be seen in the British Museum; and there were twenty or thirty in America. Some masses of meteoric iron have weighed several tons.

Some philosophers think that these meteoric stones consist of matters floating in space, and accidentally brought within the sphere of the earth's attraction. Laplace and others have thought that they are bodies projected from the moon. Another, and not improbable opinion is, that they are formed in the atmosphere. Sulphur and soda are sometimes found in rain; and they could not have come from the moon. Rain of a red colour, from containing oxide of cobalt, has also fallen; and rain containing sand has been observed. Sometimes rain has appeared in a state of inflammation,—like a shower of fire; and we have only to suppose this fire concentrated; and, instead of inflammable rain, we shall have a fire-ball.

N. R.

#### TOWER OF QUEEN BIRTHA.

If ever you travel into Montreuil-sur-Mer, go, I pray you, and visit the Tower of Queen Birtha. There is a sad and sorrowful tale connected with that tower, which will strike your heart with pity. Amid the green and beautiful country which surrounds it, that black, huge, and gloomy tower looks like some Tartarian structure, planted amid smiling regions of Elysium.

Many writers and chroniclers have spoken, and have delivered to us an account, of the circumstances attendant on the separation of Birtha from her legitimate husband, Phillip of France, first of that name. Daughter of Count Florent of Holland, this princess was married to Phillip, who, after ten years of perfect and unalterable union, conceived all at once for her the greatest aversion. In the servile complaisance of a bishop of that day, he found the necessary instrument to discover the knots which he had suddenly chosen to dislike. Divorce was pronounced, and the unhappy Birtha was assigned for a place of exile to the Tower of Montreuil.

With all the dignity and imperiousness of a high-minded resolute queen, Birtha inflexibly refused to give her sanction to a separation which deprived her of such precious rights, and this drew on her from Phillip, a hard captivity and cruel privation. Without help, without succour, she owed her existence to nothing but the charity of a mercantile society, named La Guelde, which supplied her first wants. The pity of the neighbours and inhabitants of the town contributed something to soften her lot, and every Sunday in Lent, the children travelled about into the precincts of the little chapels of the country, ornamented with the young flowers of spring, and went "questing for the good queen."—"This custom still exists, and I have gathered up," says P. Hedouin, of Boulogne-sur-Mer, "some fragments preserved by tradition." With the

touching complaint of these lines, the children were wont to sadden the heart of the passers-by; and in the following translation which we have attempted, the meaning of this ancient Frank melody is embodied. Imagine the following sweet innocent supplications, falling in silver tones of beseechment from the lips of little white-robed children, questing charity for the poor queen.—

Give us bread for Birtha-queen  
In Jesu's name we press you,  
For if you relieve her pain,  
He will surely bless you!

In the depth of tower dark,  
Dismal house she keepeth;  
While her heartless, perfured spouse  
Soft on purple sleepeth.

Tell her not of rosy spring,  
Nor of spring-tide flower—  
All her spring of hope is dead,  
Past redeeming power.

Unto misery condemned,  
France! thy queen and mother  
Asks a little piece of bread—  
Bread—O Christian brother.

So, towards her, once throned on high,  
Pity's struck with blindness;  
Christians—she whom all forsake,  
Let us guard with kindness.

Give us bread for Birtha-queen,  
In Jesu's name we press you,  
For if you assuage her pain,  
He will surely bless you.

It is further related, that Phillip, after annulling his marriage with poor Birtha, raised immediately in her place Bertrade, daughter of the Count Montfort, and one of the most beautiful women of the time; and moreover had the cruelty to conduct Bertrade to Montreuil, to torture the poor exile with the spectacle of a triumphant rival.

Pope Urban II., however, with the righteous indignation of an upright churchman, refused to approve of this divorce, and lanced the thunders of excommunication against those who had participated in it. Phillip, nevertheless, bold as he was bad, braved this storm, and would not retake Birtha, who supporting her evil lot with resignation, and preserving always the title of queen, died in the place of her exile—the dismal Tower at Montreuil.

The tower where she was incarcerated, forms a vast circular apartment, of which the walls are many feet in thickness. The interior, much ornamented with Gothic sculptures, stands greatly in want of repair, and is at this day fast decaying. The gloomy passage, alas! that leads to it, the sombre vaults and dark ceilings of this place of woful captivity, beat upon the heart of the beholder. Out of the narrow windows of this royal prison, may be perceived afar off, in its green and glorious loveliness, the beautiful valley of Authie, looking free and breathing of liberty—yet for that very reason how sad to the imprisoned captive.

Bonisons be upon the head of the little children, who, in charity, quested for Queen Birtha!

W. ANCHER.

## Biography.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

(Continued from page 21.)

THE Duke of Lancaster, who was now in the zenith of his power, let no opportunity escape of serving so firm a friend, and so useful a dependant as Chaucer; for, in the beginning of this reign it appears, that by letters patent, dated March 23, 1377, the king confirmed his grandfather's grant of twenty marks a-year; and by other letters patent, dated April 18, in the same year, he likewise confirmed the grant of a pitcher of wine daily; but, at the same time, we have no means of ascertaining whether Chaucer remained in his office of comptroller of the customs, or had resigned that situation, though the latter seems most probable; for, in the second year of Richard II., his affairs were in such confusion, that he was obliged to have recourse to the king's protection, in order to screen him from his creditors; but by what means he got involved in these difficulties, and whether they were temporary, or of a long continuance, it is not possible at this distance of time to ascertain; but, from a comparison of circumstances, it appears that they were occasioned by some sudden accident, and that he had recourse to the king's protection merely to gain time to settle his concerns; which conjecture is probably correct, if we consider the affluence of his family, a short time after this occurrence. Most of his biographers have been at a loss to account for this sudden change in his fortune; for, although we have no historical relation of the facts, yet there is no doubt of his affairs being in great disorder at the beginning of Richard's reign; although himself and patron were in full possession of wealth and power during the life of Edward the Third. Speght, in his *Life of Chaucer*, suggests that he might have exhausted his fortune in his foreign embassies; but Urry, a later writer, observes, with greater probability, that he made his fortune by them; yet, as he very justly remarks, this by no means solves the doubt, how he should get into these embarrassments, so soon after being in possession of so much wealth; for the truth of which, besides the assertion of others, we have his own authority. It is supposed by some writers, to have been occasioned by the marriage of his eldest son, Thomas Chaucer, to Maud, second daughter of Sir John Burghershe, a man of considerable rank, who Speght confidently asserts was the brother of Sir Bartholomew Burghershe, Knight of the Garter, and of Dr. Henry Burghershe, Bishop of Lincoln, Chancellor, and Treasurer of England; but this is doubtless a mistake, as he is generally supposed to have been the nephew of these great men, and son of the Sir John Burghershe mentioned by Speght; this appears very probable, it being recorded that the custody of the said John Burghershe, the father of Maud, was granted, in his nonage, to the daughter of Sir Bartholomew Burghershe be-

fore-mentioned. Although this Maud might have a large fortune, yet it is a mistake to suppose that she was the only daughter or sole heiress of her family, as has been represented; at least not at the time she married Thomas Chaucer. It appears likewise to be a mistake in regard to her being a ward of the crown, for her father was then living: he died in the nineteenth year of Richard II., when he left behind him two daughters; Margaret, the eldest, married, first, to Sir John Grenville, Knight; and, afterwards, to John Arundel, Esq.: and Maud, the wife of Thomas Chaucer. It is supposed by some writers, that Geoffrey Chaucer might, on his son's marriage, have settled on him his landed estate, by the doing of which he was under the necessity of obtaining the king's protection, until he was enabled to settle any demands that might be made upon him.

In the fourth year of Richard II., Chaucer procured a confirmation of the grants that had been formerly made to himself, and Philippa, his wife; which is a convincing proof, that he possessed great personal interest at court, since, at the time of his obtaining this grant, the power and influence of the Duke of Lancaster was on the decline; having, from various circumstances, become suspected by the king, and disliked by the people. The encouragement and support he had afforded to Wickliffe, was attended with consequences that he did not in the least expect; but which, at the same time, he found it impossible to prevent; for, doubtless, the duke's object, in supporting this party, was to weaken the power of the clergy, and by that means, prevent their being so much employed in the management of temporal affairs; but some of the great men of his party, having mistaken his object, began to carry things to extremities, by countenancing itinerant preachers, who were possessed of neither learning or sound principles, by which means the whole community was thrown into confusion; for, the common people being thus encouraged to throw off the yoke of the clergy, began to think that the expenses of the government were too heavy to be borne; and, about this period, some new taxes having been imposed, they took up arms, and, under the conduct of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and other leaders, supposed themselves capable of correcting all those evils under which the country laboured; but their chief resentment was directed against the clergy, as appears by their beheading the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Treasurer, who was prior of St. John's, near Smithfield; and at the same time, burning that stately priory, besides plundering the abbeys of St. Alban's, Bury, and several others. As soon as this rebellion was suppressed, the Parliament instituted an inquiry into the causes which led to it, during which the enemies of Wickliffe charged him and his followers with being the encouragers of it; but although the charge was unfounded, the conduct of some of his followers gave too much



chaise for such a misdeed, among whom was Dr. Hertford, who asserted, that Archbishop Sudbury deserved that death he found. In the following year, the king empowered the bishops to arrest Wickliffe, and, at the same time, forbade his subjects from encouraging any of his followers; yet Wickliffe appeared before the bishops, and seemed partly to satisfy them with his opinion. It is asserted by most of our historians, as well as the writers of Chaucer's life, that from this time, the Duke of Lancaster disowned the followers of Wickliffe, charged them with the late disturbances; began to temporise, and did not speak his sentiments so freely as formerly; but they appear to labour under a mistake, for the Duke of Lancaster did not condemn the doctrine of Wickliffe, but the doctrines of Dr. Hertford, and others, who had deserted him. In regard to Chaucer, he was so far from abandoning his former notions, that he exerted himself to the utmost, in 1382, in support of John Comberton, generally styled John of Northampton, Lord Mayor of London, in his endeavours to reform the city, according to the advice given by Wickliffe, which measures were violently opposed by the clergy, who, to prevent this reformation, had recourse to the most violent proceedings; especially at the close of Comberton's mayoralty, when they excited such disturbances, in order to prevent his being re-chosen Lord Mayor, that the king sent Sir Robert Knolles to London, who committed great severities, put some to death, made the late Lord Mayor, Comberton, prisoner, and used his utmost endeavours to apprehend Chaucer. It appears that Chaucer at this period suffered great losses by his attachment to his party, though in what manner we have no means of forming a correct judgment.

There were at the time these disturbances took place, two powerful factions in the city, one of which was supposed to be favourable to the church, and the other for a reformation. Dr. Courteney, formerly Bishop of London, but now Archbishop of Canterbury, was the protector of one, and John, Duke of Lancaster, the leader of the other; the principal man in whose interest, was this John Comberton, citizen and draper, who, after his arrest by Sir Robert Knolles, was carried to Reading, where he was tried and convicted, and sentenced to have his goods seized, and be imprisoned for life; which judgment we find was partially carried into effect; for, although the king granted a free pardon to a number of his party, he is said to have been exempted, for the purpose of insulting the Duke of Lancaster, to whom Comberton steadily adhered, and called him his lord at his trial. But Comberton did not long remain in prison after his conviction; for, a short time after he had the honour of having his sentence reversed, at the prayer of the Commons of England in Parliament assembled. It is well known to those who are conversant in the English history, that many base and unfounded calumnies were asserted in regard to the Duke

of Lancaster and his party, in consequence of their opposing the pride and power of the prelates, who, under the pretence of maintaining the king's prerogative, sacrificed him to their own interests. Chaucer having early intimation of his danger, made his escape into Hainault, from whence he went to France, where, not finding himself so safe as he expected, he withdrew into Zealand, and there concealed himself, with several citizens of London, who had been driven into exile by these disturbances, and whom he generously provided for, out of his own private fortune. While he was in this distress, most of those with whom he had been engaged in England, found means to make their peace with the government; but so far from considering the calamities to which he had exposed himself for their sakes, they endeavoured to prevent remittances being sent to him out of his own private fortune. Though he was much afflicted by such base ingratitude, yet he did not take any measures to be revenged. Shortly after this, he came privately over to England, to avoid starving in a foreign country, but he had not been long here, before he was discovered, seized, and sent to prison, where he was treated at first with great rigour and severity. After remaining in confinement some time, he was promised the king's pardon and his liberty, if he would disclose all he knew in regard to the late disturbances, which at length he consented to do. It does not appear what were the consequences of his confession, in respect to others, but, with regard to himself, they brought upon him numerous calumnies and slanders. In his excellent treatise, entitled the *Testament of Love*, which he wrote for the purpose of consoling himself under the heavy burthen of his afflictions, and, at the same time, to find a vent for his sorrow, we find all these circumstances narrated, and, as it is the most important of Chaucer's prose works, we cannot give a better account than the following, which is transcribed from the rubric at the beginning of the tale:—This book is in imitation of *Boccaccio de Consolatione Philosophie*. "Firstly. In the first part whereof, Love, by way of legacy, bequeaths to all them that follow her instructions, the knowledge of truth from error, whereby they may rightly judge of the causes of cross fortune, and such adversities as befall them, whether in their suits of love, or otherwise, and so, in the end, obtain their wicked desires. Secondly. In the second part she teacheth the knowledge of one very God, our Creator, as also, the state of grace, and the state of glory, all which good things are figured by a marguerite pearl." Chaucer compiled this book as a comfort to himself, after great griefs conceived for some rash attempts of the Commons, with whom he had joined, and therefore was in fear to lose the favour of his best friends; and also therein to set an end to all his writtings, being commanded by Venus (as appears by Guwer, at the end of the eighth book, entitled *Confessio Amantis*) so to do, as one that was

Venus's clerk; even as Gower had made his *Confessio Amantis*, his last work, and shrift of his former offences. As one of the greatest excellencies of all our author's compositions in verse or prose, is, an easy, natural, and unaffected manner of writing, allowing for the usage of the times in which he lived, which in all ages has been held a kind of law, even to the best and ablest authors; so in this work, these qualities are very remarkable, for one plainly sees a great philosopher, broken by his misfortunes, deserted by companions, and exposed to the censure of an evil world, diverting himself in a prison with freedom and spirit though in a melancholy mood, and in the language of sorrow; painting in the bold-est colours his own mistakes, as well as those of others, and pointing out the sole remedies that are left, when a man is abandoned by fortune and by friends. Such is the nature of this performance, in which we have a clear and perfect representation of his condition, and may enter as fully into all the causes of his private griefs, which were also those of the public disorders of his time, as if we actually sat by him in the prison, and heard him utter those complaints, which, with equal force of fancy, and elegance of expression, he has committed to the perusal of posterity, and thereby transmitted the fairest evidence of a spirit, which, though calamity might tame, yet it could not injure, much less destroy. This load, which was almost too heavy for him, received however some very considerable addition from the concurrence of other untoward accidents, such as the Duke of Lancaster's losing much of his credit at court; and Chaucer, not a little of his interest with the duke, who, finding his reputation very much injured by the liberties taken with his character, on account of his amours with the Lady Swynford, he came, though very unwillingly, to a full resolution of parting with her; which he accordingly did. And this, for a time, affected the concerns of our author extremely, who, finding himself strongly pushed on one side, by such as meant him ill; and little, if at all supported on the other, by such as had been formerly his friends; was so much depressed thereby in his mind, and distressed in his fortune, as to resolve upon disposing of his pensions before mentioned, which he had obtained in the former, and had been confirmed to him in the present reign; and this he actually did, to one John Scally, as appears by a license obtained for this purpose.

(To be continued.)

#### A SANDWICH ISLAND VOLCANO.

In one of the late Hawaiian "*Spectators*," is a graphic sketch of the crater of Kiraoca, on that island, furnished by Count Stoelecki, a scientific Polish nobleman. The count has seen the principal volcanoes, and he says that they are all inferior to this in intensity, grandeur, and extent. He states, that the precipitous cliff forming the N.N.E. wall of the cra-

ter, which he found to be more than 4,000 feet above the sea, overhangs an area of more than three million yards of half-cooled scoria, and containing more than 300,000 square yards of convulsed torrents of earth in igneous fusion, and gaseous fluids; constantly effervescing, boiling, spouting, rolling "in all directions like waves of a disturbed sea, violently beating the edge of the caldrons like an infuriated surf, and, like surf, spreading all around its spray, in the form of capillary glass, which fills the air, and adheres in a flaky and pendulous form, to the distorted and broken masses of the lava." There are five caldrons, each about 5,700 square yards, almost at the level of the great area; a sixth is encircled by a wall of scoria some fifty yards high, forming the S.S.W. point. Millions of vents, all around the crater, through which the steam escapes, form the security of Hawaii.—*Silliman's Jour.*

#### Manners and Customs.

##### CURIOUS TITLES AND MODER OF ADDRESS OF BARBARIAN KINGS.

The ignorance of a people is perhaps in nothing more apparent, than in the titles bestowed upon its monarchs, not merely in titles denoting their possessions, which are excusable enough, considering there are so many civilized nations that observe this custom, but in titles overflowing with the most absurd specimens of flattery and superstition. The people of Crotona, for instance, not only calmly bear their kings proclaimed amidst the most foolish ceremonies, but reverentially listen to the promises they make, the sensibility of which is manifest enough, when we say, that they sacredly promise that no rain shall fall without their august permission, nor any pestilence break out without their express sanction, during the whole of their reign; and these two awful responsibilities they take upon themselves, form the most glorious and striking of their titles. When the king of Ava condescends to write to any sovereign, he styles himself "God, the King of Kings," whom all others should obey, as he is the cause of the preservation of all animals, the regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four-and-twenty umbrellas! Yes, of the four-and-twenty umbrellas! and these precious insignia of his royalty are always carried before him on state occasions—they might be useful to shelter one's self from the overwhelming shower of his glory!

Another king of some eastern country has, among other grand titles, the superb one of "Lord of the White Tooth!" But his sublime majesty of Achem aims at casting them all in the shade, he is "the Sovereign of the Universe, whose body is as luminous as the sun, whom God created to be accomplished as the moon in her plenitude, whose eye glitters as the northern star, a king as spiritual as a ball is round, who, when he rises, shades all his

people, from under whose feet a sweet odour is wafted," &c.

The Day of Algiers reverses the "multum in parvo," and successfully renders it into "parvum in multo;" he thus heads his letter to King George III.:—"Mustapha Hain—Ally, son of Mahomet—God protect him!—The help of the helpers, and guard of kings, mighty king, the most merciful, with the help of God, at Mecca, commander of the whole Mahometans under God! God preserve the king! King of land and sea—king, son of king, the king of mercy, Mustapha Hain, may God maintain his glory and his kingdom for ever! Sovereign lord of my country, also of the west. Ally Bacha, may God fulfil his desires, to his most sacred majesty, King George III., may God grant him long life, and our love!"

When he chooses, however, he can be abrupt enough, as the following official note to the "English Vizier," Mr. Pitt, sufficiently testifies:—"My high friend,—For some time past John Ford was a merchant at Algiers, whom we desire you will appoint consul, and send him a day the sooner to us, because your consul in Algiers is an obstinate person, and like an animal."

The King of Abyssinia does not find himself at a loss for titles either. In a letter directed to the Pacha of Cairo, he first carefully describes himself to be "the King of Abyssinia, the King Tecla Haimenout, son of the King of the Church of Abyssinia," and then sets about proclaiming his wonderful qualifications; he is not only an august king, but a "powerful arbiter of nations, shadow of God upon earth, the guide of kings who profess the religion of the Messiah, the most powerful of all Christian Kings, maintainer of order between Mahometans and Christians, protector of the confines of Alexandria, observer of the commandments of the Gospel, heir from father to son of a most powerful kingdom, descendant from the family of David and Solomon." Having duly enumerated these surprising merits, he invokes the blessing of Israel upon his own sublime self, and on the pacha to whom he is addressing himself, styling him then, "the most powerful lord, elevated by his dignity, venerable by his merits, distinguished by his strength and riches, among all Mahometans: the refuge of all them that reverence him; who, by his presidence, governs and directs the armies of the noble empire, and commands his confines, victorious Viceroy of Egypt, the four corners of which shall always be respected and defended—so be it! You are to know," &c.

If we now take a glance at the reading of the letter of the Emperor of Morocco, we shall see that his Imperial Majesty is somewhat more modest; he is not sufficiently elated with his high condition to think that he can, with impunity, place himself nearly on a level with his Creator. It runs thus:—

"In the name of God, Amen. He is the

first, our Father, and all our faith is reposed in him.

"From the servant of God, whose whole confidence is in him, the head of his nation, Sultan, offspring of the late emperors, Mahomet, Abdallah, and Ismael, Sheriffs from the generation of the Faithful, the Emperor of Great Africa, in the name of God and by his order, the Lord of his Kingdom, Emperor of Morocco, Fes, Suphelat, Draah, Suez," &c. &c.

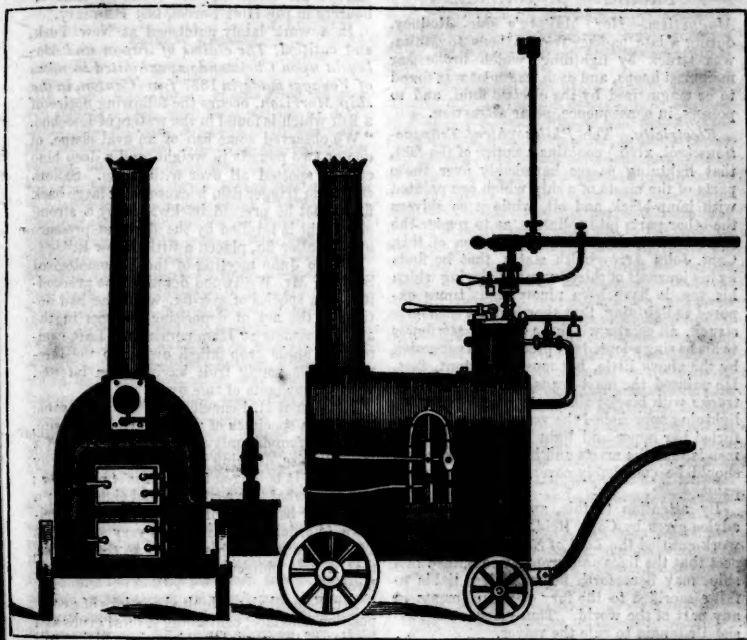
The following, addressed by the Pacha of Egypt to Lord Collingwood, is, it must be confessed, sufficiently complimentary:—"From Mahomet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, to the excellent among the chiefs of the Christian powers, the moderator of the princes of the religion of Jesus, the possessor of sage counsel, and luminous and abundant talent, the expounder of truth, the model of courtesy and politeness, our true and real friend, Collingwood, admiral of the English fleet. May his end be happy, and his course marked with brilliant and great events!"

Such are the few instances I have been able to collect from various authorities. H. M.

#### CURIOUS MANORIAL CUSTOM.

THE late Rutland assizes proved maiden. The judges arrived at Oakham, and afterwards proceeded for Linsell. On this occasion the bailiff of the manor was successful in catching Lord Abinger, and asserting the right to a horse-shoe at his Lordship's charge, to grace the Castle walls. On two former occasions of this learned lord being in the commission of assize, he eluded the vigilance of the officer and the cost of compliance with the manorial custom. Several new shoes, of Patagonian dimensions, have been lately added to the collection in the castle. Amongst them are those of Lord Denman, Lord Barham, the Earl of Roden, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, and the Bishop of Carlisle. Lord Willoughby D'Eresby contributed the usual fee (5*l.* to 10*l.*), and sent a real horse-shoe—one which had been worn by his well-known favourite hunter, Klinker. It is gilt, and nailed over the door of the grand jury-room. There are now nearly 100 shoes, of various dimensions, hung up in the fine old hall of the castle, which forms the assize courts. They are inscribed with the names of the donors, and amongst them are several from Royal personages, including Queen Victoria's and the Duchess of Kent's. The building was erected in the year 1060, and it is thought that an immense iron shoe, of singularly beautiful workmanship, which looks like the great ancestor of all the rest, is nearly as old as the castle itself. On its being lately removed from the wall, for the purpose of making a new arrangement of some of these feudal memorials, the tooth of time was found to be so deeply indented by oxidation, that the iron crumbled to pieces. Lord Abinger evinced a particular desire to have his intended shoe placed near that of the Earl of Lonsdale.—*Stamford Mercury*, July 1839.





## PERKINS'S STEAM GUN,

NOW EXHIBITING AT THE ADELAIDE GALLERY.

We have very great pleasure in presenting our readers with a drawing of one of the most surprising inventions of the age—the *Steam Gun* of that celebrated engineer, Mr. Perkins. We can well recollect the sensation which the first announcement of this arm of four-fold destruction occasioned: and have been surprised that the just encomium which it then received, has not been followed up by the recommendation of eminent practical commanders.

We have described it as an instrument of four-fold destruction—we should rather have said *multifold*. The construction, like that of all good and useful mechanism, is extremely simple. The boiler is placed in a small chamber, some twenty feet from the propelling instrument; and therefore all that the spectator sees is the *vertical tube*, (or feeder,) and the *gun-barrel*,—about the size of that of a rifle. Into the *vertical tube* the balls are placed, to the number of fifty, if requisite; and the lever, or *trigger*, being raised, a ball drops; a *conical valve* for the admission of steam is opened, and the ball is forced out with a smart report.

A *tin shaft*, fifteen feet long, is made use of, to prevent the water from being thrown about, and not, as some suppose, to *guide the ball*—whose propulsion, from the force wherewith it is sent, takes an unerring line.

This force—the steam being raised to from 300 to 500 lbs. to the square inch—is calculated to be *four times greater than that of gunpowder*: and the balls, on reaching the *cast-iron target* at the end of the gallery, (a distance of 100 feet,) are reduced to the substance of tin-foil!

As steam is an awkward thing to manage in the field, this weapon were perhaps best placed in batteries, and in men-of-war. From the comparative force, the balls *must* take effect from cannon so framed: and the *continuous* destruction may be imagined from the fact, that *every time* the lever or trigger is raised, a ball is propelled. No “heart of oak” can be proof against this terrible invention; which may therefore have the good result of shortening the duration of combat.

## PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

**Magnetism.**—Her Majesty's ship *Rodney*, during a late passage from Athens to Malta, was struck by lightning, which broke her mainmast hoops, and each fragment was found to be magnetised by the electric fluid, and to possess, in consequence, polar attraction.

**Electricity.**—The *Philosophical Transactions* (vol. xlvii.) contains a notice of the fact, that lightning passes harmlessly over those parts of the masts of a ship which are painted with lamp-black and oil, while it so shivers the other parts into splinters, as to render the mast quite useless. In confirmation of this, Capt. John Arrowsmith states, that he finds by his journals of thirty voyages, during which his vessels have been ninety-eight times exposed to lightning, that they had not been once struck, an escape which he entirely attributes to his having adopted the precautions suggested by the above little, but most important, fact. He painted the mast-heads, yards, caps, and trucks with black paint; and whenever forked lightning approached the vessel, he took in and furlled her upper and light sails. He recommends that the masts and hull of every vessel should be completely covered with the black paint.

By attention to this, and to the valuable advice given by Capt. Reid, in his meritorious work entitled the *Law of Storms*, we may expect that the lives and property contained in a ship, may henceforth be much less liable to fall a sacrifice to the fury of the elements in any part of the world. Thus science shall assist Britannia to rule the waves.

**Zoology.**—Owing to the immense number of persons who, now-a-days, devote themselves to the pursuit of natural history, the habits and economy of various British animals, which were formerly but imperfectly known, are now pretty well ascertained. Among many facts, which increased observation has lately established, is the occasional breeding of the common crossbill, (*Loxia curvirostris*), in this country. Mr. J. Brown, of Cotswold Hills, Gloucestershire, found the nest and young in a Scotch fir in that neighbourhood, last April. It was placed in the fork of the tree, about twenty feet from the ground, and four feet from the extremity of the branch. The exterior of the nest was composed of dead larch and spruce twigs, within which it was formed of dead grass, and some tender dry stalks of plants, rendered warm and compact with wool; and the whole was lined with horse-hair. The edge of the nest on one side, was completely plastered over with the faeces of the young. Its diameter was five inches and a half, its depth two inches within, and measured three inches across the concavity. He saw both the old birds in the tree, and one of them in the act of feeding the young bird, which fluttered its wings on being fed.

Mr. H. L. Long, of Hampton, near Farnham, in Surrey, also mentions that two nests, with

eggs of the crossbill, were found by some labourers in the Holt Forest, last February.\*

In a work lately published at New York, and entitled, *The claims of Japan and Malaysia upon Christendom, exhibited in notes of Voyages made in 1837 from Canton, in the ship Morrison*, occurs the following notice of a fish which is found in the waters of Loohoo. "We observed some fish of an oval shape, of one or two pounds in weight, and a deep blue colour, spotted all over with white. Sailors call them trigger fish, because their large back fin cannot be pressed backwards by a strong effort, but is levelled by the slightest pressure on a smaller fin, placed a little below it."

At the June meeting of the Entomological Society, Mr. Westwood detailed the proceedings of a species of saw-fly, which he had noticed in the act of depositing its eggs in the apple-blossoms at Hammersmith. Last summer the apple crop failed, owing to the interior of the young fruit having been infested with the maggots of this fly.

Mr. James H. Fennell exhibited, at the same meeting, a specimen of a very curious parasite, which he found firmly attached to the tail of a land tortoise, deriving its sustenance from it by suction. It belonged to the class *Arachnida*; was somewhat like a spider; had eight legs; a flat shelly back of a black colour; with a yellowish border; head and eyes very small. It adhered by its mouth so firmly to the tortoise, that it was obliged to be detached by main force.

Mr. Fennell also exhibited portions of a composition necklace, containing several grubs and beetles of the genus *Anobium*, by which it had been destroyed; and several specimens of tumorous galls, which he found in great abundance upon the young branches of a palm-willow at Hampstead.

Mr. Edwin Lees contends, that honey-dew is an exudation of a nectarious juice from the flowers of the common lime tree, (*Tilia Europea*), instead of its being, as asserted by many other naturalists, the excrement of the plant-lice (*Aphides*). He says, that it abounds more on the leaves of this tree than on any other during very sultry weather. On extremely warm days in 1837, he noticed thousands of bees and other flies swarming all over some lime trees, on which the honey-dew abounded, although no plant-lice were to be seen. This banquet for the bees was only afforded them for two successive days, a much shorter period than it would have lasted, had it been the production of the plant-lice.

**Botany.**—The Botanical Garden in the Regent's Park is rapidly progressing towards completion, and many curious and valuable specimens of plants, great and small, have already been introduced into it. We shall speak of it more fully on another occasion.

\* Charlesworth's "Magazine of Natural History."

ABSTRACTS FROM THE READINGS  
OF A BOOKWORM.

EMINENT PERSONS.

## NOLLEKENS.

THE "Life and Times" of this great sculptor and eccentric man, have been written by J. T. Smith, who was once his pupil. In this work, the peculiarities of Nollekens are amusingly related, and from it, as the only one I have hitherto met with which makes any mention of the sculptor, (Cunningham's "Lives," &c., excepted, but which, as far as regards Nollekens, contain nothing new,) I will make a few abstracts, occasionally introducing anecdotes in Smith's own words. I must, however, promise that Nollekens was of a short stature, with a large head, which appeared considerably increased in size by a large hat he was extremely fond of wearing; he was bow-legged and hook-nosed, and very partial to his ruffies, which he wore long after they were out of fashion, indeed, till they were literally worn out. A drab was his favourite colour; his suits were generally made out of the same piece, and it was very seldom that he treated himself to a striped Manchester waistcoat.

Paying a visit to Westminster Abbey, the sculptor, displeased with the regulations to be observed there, expressed his disapprobation in the following terms: "I wonder you keep such stuff here; why, at Antwerp, where my father was born, they put such things in silks outside in the street. I don't mind going to Mrs. Salmon's wax-works, where Mother Ship-tea gives you a kick as you come out. Oh dear! you shouldn't have such rubbish in the Abbey; and then for you to take money for this foolish thing and that foolish thing, so that none can come in to see the fine works of art, without being bothered with Queen Catherine's bones, and the Spanish ambassador's coffin, the lady who died by pricking her finger, and that nasty cap of General Monks you beg of people to put money into, just like the money-box they used to put down from the gate-house. You had better tell Mr. Dean to see that the monuments don't want dusting, and to look after the Westminster boys, and not let them break the ornaments off to play at scoops with in the cloisters. Bless my heart! it is very bad."—(p. 162.)

Nollekens was in nowise choice in his expressions. To Lady Arden, whom he had kept waiting an unreasonable time, he made the following delicate apology: "I could not come up before, for I was down stairs, washing my feet; and now they are quite comfortable!"—(p. 368.)

He frequently asked the king: "How is your wife and family to-day?" Neither was he very delicate in some of his actions before the persons of rank whose busts he was engaged to make. In the presence of the king he used to spit, to spit the water out of his mouth into his clay to keep it moist, and to handle

the royal person with no more ceremony than if he were one of his intimate acquaintances—many a time he has made his monarch recoil under his compasses as he measured the royal nose.

His parsimony was urged to the very extreme; a pair of mould candles, it is affirmed by Smith, has lasted him as long as a twelve-month, being only brought out in the presence of company, and being carefully extinguished as soon as he was left alone—the coals were always sorted by the sculptor, with whom they were a matter of the greatest consideration; the larger ones being laid by for parlour, the smaller for common, and the dust for shop use—the paper upon which his barber wiped his razor, was carefully folded up to save his soap, and his wife, if possible, more niggardly than himself, was in the habit of insisting upon an allowance of three-halfpence at least for the old broomsticks! The wretched manner in which this couple were wont to live is past all credence, and considering the immense sums realized by Nollekens, blameable in the highest degree; for at his death, which happened in 1823, he was in the possession of a more than princely fortune, which, through his avarice, he made utterly useless. Like most sculptors and architects, Nollekens died at an advanced age; he was in his 85th year. As might be expected from the education he received, he was a very incorrect orthographer—observe the following instances: "Lady S— delivered yesterday of a son."—"Went to see the Lord Mare's shoe."—"Mem—call tomorrow on my god-doter."

## BRUCE, THE TRAVELLER.

Contrary to what we should be led to expect of one who has travelled so much as this celebrated man, his infancy and youth were delicate. At the age of sixteen, his health was by no means confirmed. He was much too tall for his age, his breast was weak, and his general appearance indicated that he had grown faster than his strength. Major Head, who has written a highly interesting account of his life and travels, relates thus the manner of his death: "A large party had dined at Kinnaird, and while they were about to depart, Bruce was gaily talking to a young lady in the drawing-room, when suddenly observing that her aged mother was proceeding unattended to her carriage, he hurried from the drawing-room to the great staircase. In this effort, the foot which had safely carried him through so many dangers, happened to fail him—he fell down several of the steps—broke some of his fingers—pitched upon his head, and never spoke again!"

## PALLEY.

This celebrated man, too, falls within the list of eccentric characters, and, like Nollekens, was conspicuous for the oddity of his appearance. For the doctor was thick, short, square built, and his face was like

rally such as an artless child would stand to wonder at, winding his gaze up with the exclamation: "What an ugly man!" The cheerful and animated cast of his countenance, in no wise tended to act as a palliative either—he was literally ugly. His eyebrows were bushy, his nose snubbed, and his teeth projecting. Add to those peculiarities an awkward gait and movement of the arms, a broad northern dialect, and a white wig, and you have the author of "Natural Theology" before your mind's eye.

Paley was of a domesticated turn of mind. He would, for instance, employ himself in his "Natural Theology," and leave it to gather peas for his dinner; gathering, very likely, along with them some new ideas. He would often converse with his neighbour, Mr. Yates, over his garden-palings, and sometimes decline an invitation on the plea that he was busy knitting. In his method of expressing himself, he was in general not very "researching." On one occasion, having company at the Subdeanery, he said to a gentleman, who was helping to trifle, "I see, captain, you are up to the elbows in seeds, give me some of that; dig deep." After dinner, one of the company said, "Mr. Subdean, if you will give me leave I'll poke the fire." Paley rushed from his end of the table: "I understand your trick, you want to have an opportunity of warming yourself. These are reflections of a mind at ease. I have been farther from the fire than any of you; give me the poker."

According to a correspondent in one of the early numbers of the *New Monthly Magazine*, Paley was in the habit of using his toothpick immediately after dinner, and was usually very impatient till it was brought to him; he drank very sparingly, of white wine chiefly; and invariably ate some gingerbread which was brought on for himself alone.

From his own account, his education had been sufficiently hardy: "My father," says he, "rode to Peterborough, and I rode after him on a horse that I could not manage. I tumbled off. My father, without looking back, cried, 'Get up again, Will.'" A ludicrous occurrence happened in the height of his "grandezza": "When I set up a carriage, it was thought right my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had never heard of the Paley arms; none of us dreamt that such things had ever existed. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made, till at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent, that those must be the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six weeks after, that we found the tankard had been bought at a sale!"

Paley was averse to disputations: he generally cut short all argument in a rough and

sudden manner; when the person to whom he was addressing himself was of an opinion different from that of his own. 191

## The Public Journals.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, NO. XVII.

*Nicholas Nickleby's Morning Contemplation on London.*

"AND even now, as he paced the streets and listlessly looked round on the gradually increasing bustle and preparation for the day, everything appeared to yield him some new occasion for despondency. Last night the sacrifice of a young, affectionate, and beautiful creature to such a wretch and in such a cause, had seemed a thing too monstrous to succeed, and the warmer he grew the more confident he felt that some interposition must save her from his clutches. But now, when he thought how regularly things went on from day to day in the same unvarying round—how youth and beauty died, and ugly gripping age lived tottering on—how crafty avarice grew rich, and manly honest hearts were poor and sad—how few they were who tenanted the stately houses, and how many those who lay in noisome pens, or rose each day and laid them down at night, and lived and died, father and son, mother and child, race upon race, and generation upon generation, without a home to shelter them, or the energies of one single man directed to their aid—how in seeking, not a luxurious and splendid life, but the bare means of a most wretched and inadequate subsistence, there were women and children in that one town, divided into classes, numbered and estimated as regularly as the noble families and folks of great degree, and reared from infancy to drive most criminal and dreadful trades—how ignorance was punished and never taught—how jail-door gaped and gallows loomed for thousands urged towards them by circumstances darkly curtaining their very cradles' heads, and but for which they might have earned their honest bread and lived in peace—how many died in soul, and had no chance of life—how many who could scarcely go astray, be they vicious as they would, turned thoughtfully from the crushed and stricken wretch who could scarce do otherwise, and who would have been a greater wonder had he or she done well, than even they, had they done ill—how much injustice, and misery, and wrong there was, and yet how the world rolled on from year to year, alike careless and indifferent, and no man seeking to remedy or redress it:—when he thought of all this, and selected from the mass the one slight case on which his thoughts were bent, he felt indeed that there was little ground for hope, and little cause or reason why it should not form an atom in the huge aggregate of distress and sorrow, and add one small and unimportant unit to swell the great amount."

## THAMYRIS.

A young poet, gifted with a creative fancy and an excellent disposition, joined the scholars of the divine Plato. His poetry was commended by all who knew him, and Hellas declared of him that he would be another Sophocles or Pindarus. But the praises of the multitude blinded him, so that he continually spoke of Hesiod and Æschylus, and other masters of song. This grieved the divine philosopher, and he wished to cure the soul of the vain youth. "I consider myself qualified," said he, "to bring honours on my country that will be a greater advantage, than if I should win for it a province. For the holy art of poetry has been given to man to elevate him above the earth. But it does not belong to infirm spirits."

## New Books.

*Confessions of a Thug.* By Captain Meadows Taylor. 3 vols. Bentley.

[THE lives of those hideous monsters, the Thugs—the wonder and horror of India—as hitherto detailed by various writers, have, on account of their unheard-of villainies, been considered in many cases as mere fiction; but romance could invent nothing so hideous; and what is also remarkable, those fiends are influenced by a religious principle, the love for their parents and friends being strong in the extreme. Certain it is, however, the history of mankind affords no parallel to Thuggee, as unfolded by Captain Taylor, in the above work, the heart-rending narration coming from the lips of Ameer Ali the Thug, and given by him to Captain T. The account of the sacking of a town furnishes the following most painfully interesting narrative:—]

"Ghuffoor Khan was busy too. I had completed my work; I had torn ornaments from the females, terrified their husbands and fathers into giving up their small hoards of money; and having got all I could, I was preparing to leave the town in company with my Thugs, who never separated from me. We were passing through the main street on our return, when our attention was attracted to a good-looking house, from which issued the most piercing screams of terror and agony. I instantly dismounted, and bidding my men follow me, we rushed into the house. Never shall I forget the scene which met my eyes, which [when] we reached the place from whence the screams proceeded. There was Ghuffoor Khan, with seven or eight of his men, engaged in a horrid work. Three dead bodies lay on the floor weltering in their blood, which poured from the still warm corpses. Two were fine young men, the other an elderly woman. Before Ghuffoor Khan stood a venerable man, suffering under the torture of having a horse's nose-bag full of hot ashes tied over his mouth, while one of the khan's followers struck him incessantly on the back with

the hilt of his sword. The miserable wretch was half choked, and it was beyond his power to have uttered a word in reply to the interrogations which were thundered in his ear by the khan himself as to where his treasure was concealed. Three young women, of great beauty, were engaged in a fruitless scuffle with the others of Ghuffoor Khan's party; and their disordered appearance and heart-rending shrieks too well told what had been their fate previous to my entrance. What could I do? I dared not openly have attacked the khan, though I half drew my sword from its scabbard, and would have rushed on him; but he was my superior, and had I then put him and his men to death, it could not have been concealed from Choetoo,—and what would have been my fate? So checking the momentary impulse, which I had so nearly followed, I approached him, and endeavoured to withdraw his attention from the horrible work in which he was engaged. 'Come, Khan Sahib,' I cried, 'near us is a house which has resisted my utmost efforts to enter: I want you to aid me, and, Inahalla! it will repay the trouble, for I have heard that it is full of money and jewels, as the family is rich.' I did not tell a lie, for I had endeavoured to break open the gate of a large house, but desisted when I was informed that it was uninhabited. 'Wait awhile,' said he; 'I have had rare sport here; these fools must needs oppose our entrance with drawn weapons, and I got a scratch on the arm from one of them myself. But what could they do—the kafirs! against a true believer! They fell in this room, and their old mother too, by my own sword. My men have been amusing themselves with their wives; whilst I, you see, am trying to get what I can out of this obstinate old villain; but he will not listen to reason, and I have been obliged to make him taste hot ashes.' 'Perhaps he has sought to give,' said I; 'at any rate, he cannot speak while that bag is over his mouth; let it be removed, and we will hear what he has to say.' 'Try it,' said the khan; 'but we shall make nothing of him you will see.' 'Remove the bag,' cried I to the Pindharree, who was behind him; 'let him speak; and bring some water; his throat is full of ashes.' The bag was removed, and a vessel full of water, which was in a corner of the room, was brought and put to his lips; but he rejected it with loathing, for he was a Hindoo and a Brahmin. 'Drink!' cried the infuriated khan, at beholding his gesture; 'drink, or, by Alla, I will force it down thy throat! Kafir, to whom the urine of a cow is a delicacy, darest thou refuse water from the hands of a Moslem!' 'Blood-thirsty devil!' said the old man, in a husky voice, 'water from thy hands, or any of thy accursed race, would poison me! I would rather drink my own sons' blood, which is flowing yonder, than such pollution!' 'Ha! sayest thou so! then, in the name of the blessed Prophet, thou shalt taste it! Here, Sumund Khan, get some up from the floor; yonder is a cup—all it to



the brim; the old man shall drink it, as he would the wine of Paradise!' 'Hold!' cried I to Ghuffoor Khan; 'you would not do so inhuman an act!' 'Nay, interfere not,' said the khan, setting his teeth; 'you and I, Meer Sahib, are friends—let us remain so; but we shall quarrel if I am hindered in my purpose; and has he not said he preferred it to pure water?' Sumund Khan had collected the blood, and the cup was half filled with the warm red liquid—a horrible draught, which he now presented to the miserable father. 'Drink!' said he, offering the cup with a mock polite gesture; 'think it Ganges water, and it will open thy heart to tell us where thy treasures are.' Ghuffoor Khan laughed loudly. 'By Alla! thou hast a rare wit, Sumund Khan; the idea should be written in a book: I will tell Cheetoo of it.' But the old man turned from them with loathing, and his chest heaved as though he were about to be sick. 'There's no use wasting time,' cried Ghuffoor Khan; 'open his mouth with your dagger, and pour the draught into it! It was done; by Alla! Sahib, the two did it before my eyes,—fiends that they were! Not only did they pour the blood down the old man's throat, but in forcing open his mouth, they cut his lips in a ghastly manner, and his cheek was laid open. 'Now tell us where the gold is!' cried Ghuffoor Khan. 'Of what use is this obstinacy! Knowest thou not that thy life is in my power, and that one blow of my sword will send thee to Jehanum, where those fools are gone before thee?—and he pointed to the dead. 'Strike!' cried the sufferer,—'strike! your blow will be welcome; I am old, and fit for death. Why do ye delay?' 'But the gold—the treasures!' roared the khan, stamping on the ground. 'Why, are you a fool?' 'Gold, I have told ye, I have none,' he replied; 'I told you so at first, but ye would not listen. We gave you all we had, and ye were not satisfied. Ye have murdered my sons and my wife, and dishonoured my daughters. Kill us all, and we will be thankful.' 'Hear him!' cried the khan savagely; 'he mocks us. O the wilful wickedness of age!—is it not proverbial? One of you bring some oil and a light; we will see whether this humour can stand my final test, which has never yet failed.' By this time the house was full of Pindharrees, and, if I had wished it, I had not dared to interfere further. I stood looking on, determined to let him have his course; he was only hastening his own fate, and why should I prevent it? The oil was brought, and a quantity of rags were torn from the dhotees, or waist-cloths, of the murdered men. They were dipped in the oil, and wound round the fingers of the old man to as great a thickness as was possible. 'Now bring a light,' cried the khan, 'and hold him fast.' A light was kindled, and the man held it in his hand. 'I give you a last chance,' said the khan, speaking from between his closed teeth; 'you know, I dare say, the use your fingers will be put to; be quick and answer,

or I will make torches of them, and they shall light me to your treasures, which I warrant are hidden in some dark hole.' 'Do your worst!' answered the old man, in a desperate tone. 'Ye will not kill me; and if my sufferings will in any way gratify you, even let it be so; for Narayun has given me into your power, and it is his will and not yours which does this. You will not hear me cry out though my arms were burnt off to the sockets.—I spit at you!'—'Light the rags!' roared Ghuffoor Khan; 'this is not to be endured.' They were lit—one by one they blazed up, while his hands were forcibly held down to his sides to accelerate the effect of the fire. Alla, Alla! it was a sickening sight. The warm flesh of the fingers bled under the blaze of the oiled rags, which were fed from time to time with fresh oil, as men pour it upon a torch. The old man had overrated his strength. What nerves could bear such exquisite torture! His shrieks were piteous, and would have melted a heart of stone; but Ghuffoor Khan heeded them not: he stood glutting his savage soul with the sufferings of the wretched creature before him, and asking him from time to time, with the grin of the devil, whether he would disclose his treasures. But the person he addressed was speechless, and after nature was fairly exhausted, he sunk down in utter insensibility. 'You have killed him,' I exclaimed. 'For the love of Alla, let him alone, and let us depart; what more would you have! either he has no money, or he will not give it up.'—'Where be those daughters of a defiled mother?' cried he to his followers, not heeding what I said to him. 'Where are they? Bring them forward, that I may ask them about the money, for money there must be.' But they too were dead! ay, they had been murdered also; by whom I know not, but their bodies were found in the next room weltering in their blood. The news was brought to the khan, and he was more savage than ever; he gnashed his teeth like a wild beast; he was fearful to look on. The old man had revived, for water had been poured on his face and on his fingers; he raised himself up, looked wildly about him, and then gazed piteously on his mutilated hands. Were they men or devils by whom he was surrounded? By Alla! Sahib, they were not men, for they laughed at him and his almost unconscious actions. 'Speak!' cried the khan, striking him with his sword, 'speak, kafir! or more tortures are in store for thee.' But he spoke not—he was more than half dead: misery and torture had done their utmost. The khan drew his sword. Again he cried, 'Speak!' as he raised the weapon above his head. I fancied I saw the old man's lips smile, and move as though he would have spoken: he cast his eyes upwards, but no word escaped him. The sword was quivering over his head in the nervous grasp of the khan; and seeing he got no answer, it descended with its full force on the old man's forehead,

almost dividing the head in two. Need I say he was instantly dead! I was satisfied; Ghuffor Khan's cup too was full; for my own determination was made on that spot,—I swore it to myself as I looked at the dead and rushed from the house."

And if ever Thug did a righteous deed, it was in the strangling of this monster. But we have not room to tell of his justifiable end; nor any other of the incredible incidents with which these volumes abound. They are altogether so curious, that even the revolting nature of the system which they unfold, in all its details, cannot keep them from general circulation; and indeed, as a theme on which to try the profoundest speculations upon the being man, their revelations are unequalled by all we have ever read of cruelty and butchery.

*Anecdotes and Traditions, illustrative of early English History and Literature, derived from MS. sources.* Edited by William J. Thomas, Esq., F.S.A. Printed for the Camden Society.

[The above work forms the fifth volume published by the Camden Society. It consists of three parts. The first being entirely derived from the Harleian MS., No. 6395, entitled "Merry Passages and Jests," compiled by Sir Nicholas Lestrangle, of Hunstanton. The second part, by far the most interesting of the series, is derived from the Lansdowne MS., No. 231, written by the well-known John Aubrey. The third is from No. 3890 of the additional MSS., the common-place book of a Mr. John Collet.

The following notices, principally illustrative of the manners and customs of the English people, are extracted from the second and third parts.]

#### *The Loving Cup.*

At Danby Wisk, in the North-Riding of Yorkshire, it is the custom for the parishioners, after receiving the Sacrament, to go from church directly to the ale-house, and there drink together, as a testimony of charity and friendship.—*Aubrey.*

"This practice, which is so perfectly in unison with the character of a simple-minded people, is clearly allied to one still existing, we mean the drinking from the 'Loving Cup,' a ceremony which is yet observed by several of the City Companies, when the Courts dine in their halls; though, perhaps, more immediately to the Agape, which were, says Aubrey, in the same MS., fo. 121 v., 'Certain Love Feasts used in the primitive church, where all the congregation met and feasted together after they had received the communion, and those that were rich brought for themselves and the poor, and all ate together for the increase of mutual love, and for the rich to show their love and charity to the poor.'"

#### *Reading Gospels at Wells and in Corn Fields.*

In Cheshire, in Mr. N. Ken's grandmother's time, when they went in perambulation, they

did Bless the Springs, i. e., they did read a Ghospell at them, and did believe the water was the better.

[To this account is added in pencil:]

On Rogation days Gospels were read in the corn-fields here in England untill the Civil Warra. And White Kennet has added, "Mem. A Gospel read at the head of a barrel in procession, [in the cellar of the Chequer's Inn,] within the parish of Stanlake, com. Oxon. Vide Dr. Plot's Natural History of Oxfordshire." [p. 207.]—*Aubrey.*

"One of the most ancient forms of well-worship consisted in watching at the well throughout the night—the 'Waking of the Well,' as it is called in a curious satirical song illustrative of some of the ill consequences attendant upon the observance of the practice, and which is printed from a MS. at Cambridge, by Mr. Halliwell, in his forth-coming miscellany, entitled, '*Reliquiæ Antiquæ.*'"

#### *Leap Candle.*

The young girls in and about Oxford have a sport called *Leap Candle*, for which they set a candle in the middle of the room in a candlestick, and then draw up their coats in the form of breeches, and dance over the candle back and forth, with these words,

The taylor of Bisiter, he has but one eye,  
He cannot cut a pair of green Galasquin if he were  
to try.

This sport, in other parts, is called, dancing the Candle Rush.—*Aubrey.*

"There is no mention of this sport, or, indeed, of any one resembling it, in Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes.*"

#### *Striking a Bargain.*

In several parts of England, when two persons are driving a bargain, one holds out his right hand, and says, "Strike me,"—and if the other strike, the bargain holds; whence the striking a bargain.—*Aubrey.*

"A custom somewhat analogous is said to exist in Westminster School at the present day, where two boys, who agree to fight, go through the form which they call chopping hands; and, it is said, that this form of accepting a challenge is looked upon as so irrevocable, that there has scarcely ever occurred an instance of the combat so resolved upon not taking place."

#### *The Clerk of the Market.*

The Clerk of the Market (though now a lay person,) was originally so called, because, in the Saxons' time, the custody of all weights and measures belonged to the bishop, who committed the same to some clerk whom he trusted therewith.—*Collet.*

#### *Twins.*

Nicholas and Andrew Tremaine were twins so like in all lineaments, they could not be distinguished but by their several habits; they felt like pain though at a distance, and without any intelligence given they equally

desired to walke, travaille, set, sleepe, eat, and drinke at the same time; and being souldiers, they were both slaine together, at New Haven in France, in the year of our Lord 1564.—*Collet.*

#### *A Judge on Horseback.*

John Whiddon, a Justice of the King's Bench, in the first years of Queen Mary, was the first of the judges who rode to Westminster Hall on a horse; for before that time they rode on mules.—*Collet.*

"This judge of horse-flesh, for so he showed himself by his preference of a horse to a mule, was John Whydden, Reader, Double Reader, and Treasurer of the Inner Temple, who was created Serjeant-at-Law in 1547; King's Serjeant in 1551; and, in 1553, (the 1st Mary,) was made a judge of the Queen's Bench. In Thom's '*Book of the Court*,' p. 222, the reader will find a description of the manner in which Wolsey rode to Westminster Hall on his mule, 'trapped all in crimson velvet, with a saddle of the same, and gilt stirrups.'"

#### *The Gatherer.*

*Soap Suds a Specific for Nourishing Flowers.*—Recently I happened to gather a beautiful pansy, and when tired of admiring it tossed the toy aside, which, partly by accident fell into a box full of soap-suds. The said pansy had neither joint nor root, and you may judge of my surprise when at the end of a day or two I found it growing. From this time forward I watched it narrowly, and now find it, after a lapse of a fortnight, a goodly plant with several buds on it. Thinking water might produce the same effect, I placed a newly-cropped pansy in an element, which, pure in itself, is the medium of purity in everything else; but it withered and died on so spare a diet. By way of confirming the first experiment, I have since placed a slip of a rose tree and a pink in suds, and both are flourishing in great vigour in my dressing-room. Should this accidental discovery prove useful to florists, it will afford sincere pleasure to your correspondent.—*Dumfries paper.*

Among the list of penalties for the regulation of Queen Elizabeth's household, we find the following,—"that none toy with the maides on paine of fourpence."

*Tax on Irishmen.*—By the Rolls of Parliament, A. D. 1477, it appears Irishmen residing in London, were subjected to the following scale of Taxation:—Irishmen having no lands, twelve pence out of every twenty shillings—Irishmen keeping houses, an annual duty of two shillings; and merchants born in Ireland, thirteen and fourpence per annum.

*Poisonous Toads.*—It has frequently been doubted by writers on natural history whether toads are poisonous; a dog lately worried one near to the Hut Tavern, on the Mansfield-road, and ere it had gone 300 yards the ani-

mal died from the effects of the poison. In addition to the above fact, we can add our own testimony, for we have had three dogs poisoned by toads, and we have known instances of pointers and spaniels suffering from their virulent poison.—*Nottingham Review.*

*Singular Recovery of Speech.*—Some time about last Christmas, a girl in the service of Mr. Drummond, of the Sportsman's Arms, Hungate, in this city, caught a severe cold, which ended in the almost total deprivation of speech. Several eminent medical practitioners tried their skill, but in vain. Mrs. Drummond, however, who had been on a visit to Scarborough, brought back with her, last week, a quantity of sea water. This the girl was desired to take, and in the short period of two or three days she recovered her utterance, and is now perfectly restored.—*York Herald.*

A rusty shield prayed to the sun, and said, "O sun, illumine me with thy ray!" To which the sun retorted, "O shield, make thyself clean!"

"Let us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the frog said when he plunged into the water, upon seeing a boy pick up a stone.

*New Invention.*—We have been favoured with the sight of a model, most ingeniously constructed, which is to prevent the disagreeable effects produced by the rolling of a ship at sea. From the present construction of the "berths" on shipboard, everybody who has taken a voyage must have experienced the evils of the rolling of a vessel when repose is required, and yet, strange to say, no remedy has yet been thought of, before the present. It certainly appears to us that this plan will obviate the difficulties complained of—the berths being so constructed as always to keep their horizontal position—the equilibrium being the same, whichever way the vessel may be inclined to move—the motion not being perceptible in the slightest degree. The construction of it is on the most simple scale imaginable, the space required being no more than the present berths now occupy, which is a most essential point. In fact, we pronounce it as the only invention (as regards ease and comfort on shipboard) that has ever been introduced. The inventor of it is Mr. Arthur Guinness, a native of Dublin, who was, some few years since, employed by the Prussian government as a mechanist, &c., and whose abilities are well known and properly appreciated in this country. We think, however, that this invention has surpassed his former efforts, and will cause his name to appear high in the list of those, who, by their ingenuity, have promoted the comforts of their fellow men.—*Sussex Advertiser.*

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